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MRS. JAMES F. BRADSHAW.**Mother Has Gone Away to Rest.**

[By Mr. Charles Bradshaw in the Carrollton Patriot.]

Mother has gone away. She was tired, and a kind Father seeing her need of rest, took her to a wonderful seashore, where the balmiest breezes blow and soft sunshine brings joy all the day; and back of that seashore stretch great fields of roses always blooming, and still greater fields of waving corn, and groves of trees, with birds singing joyfully in their topmost branches. I know these are all there at that shore, for she loved them all and would be lonesome without them. This is the way I like to think of her going away.

She left us at 3 o'clock Friday morning. She had been very ill for almost a week, but the disease had been arrested several days before her departure and she rested quietly until she fell into a peaceful sleep. Many friends gathered at her home Sunday afternoon to bid her farewell. She had often expressed the preference that this going away should be directly from home, and her wish was respected. The pastor of her church, Dr. Mundell, spoke touchingly about her journey and quoted her favorite poem, Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." The Baptist Ladies' Quartet—Misses Bessie Kelley, Minnie Johnson, Haidie Dowdall and Mrs. Anna Hubbard—sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and Miss Johnson gave a solo, "When I Shall Fall Asleep." There were beautiful flowers, given by individual friends, by the Baptist Sunday School and Mission Circle, by the West End Reading Circle and by the Centerville Club. These floral offerings were borne by Mesdames E. A. Eldred, Etta Simpson, O. T. Purl and J. B. Hays, members of the Reading Circle. The bearers were Ed. Smith, J. M. Ambrose, L. E. Raines and O. C. Widdowson, W. E. Hamilton, J. D. White. At the mausoleum the quartet sang one stanza of "The Christian's Good Night."

Mary Margaret Smith, daughter of John and Nancy Smith, was born in Fulton County May 20, 1837. She was

married to James F. Bradshaw February 28, 1854, at Farmington. One son, the only child, came into the home. With the exception of four years during the Civil War, spent in Iowa, the family have lived in Illinois continuously—twenty-two years in Kirkwood and the past twenty-nine in Carrollton. The husband died here November 15, 1895.

It is too soon after her departure now to write a fitting appreciation of mother. Perhaps in a year, or five years, the one who has been almost constantly associated with her for three score years may begin to realize the depth of her love, the breadth of her mind, the genius and artistic taste that so strongly marked her life. Others who have suffered such a loss will understand how these attributes of the one who has gone are brought constantly to mind by the samples of her handiwork that turn up unexpectedly in old bureau drawers and other repositories of hidden treasure. Given the opportunity, she would have been an artist, but reared under pioneer conditions, and at a period when womanhood had not attained full recognition, she acquired the domestic arts very early and very thoroughly, and these helped her to become an ideal home-maker. And that, after all, is the highest attainment in this world. It was her wish to continue active and busy to the end. This wish was granted, even though she had grown weary with the burden of 80 years.